THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Is there any such a thing as disinterested friendship? or is it only a creature of the imagination, a dream of fanaticks, which may serve to amuse the fancy, whilst the heart remains untouched? The story of Damon and Pytheas may serve to assure us that it is at least possible for two minds to be united by the sacred ties of friendship, so as for each to prefer the safety and welfare of the other to his own, without being actuated by any sinister motive whatever. This is that pure and exalted principle which expands the mind into universal benevolence to all the human race in general; and unites the heart in particular to those who are possessed of a like affection, and who from a similarity of soul, become objects of peculiar regard. When two minds which are susceptible of this generous affection are united in the bands of friendship, they have reached the highest pitch of rational perfection, which is attainable in this imperfect state. But how few there are who covet this inestimable prize for the gratification of the sympathetic sensations thence arising—the sons of pleasure and the daughters of fashion are equally insensible to the charm of friendship. She is not found in the paths of riot nor in the chambers of voluptuousness. If we seek her in the busy haunts of life, where the first and ruling desire is the acquisition of wealth and fame—she is not there. She flies from the noisy scenes of the world, where her lifeless name is sacrificed at the shrine of public applause—and is only found in the silent paths of domestic retreat, where each fond hope and anxious desire leans on the bosom of a well-tried friend, whom we love, and by whom we are beloved—the frothy *beau* and the silly *coquette* feel not one animating ray from her sacred presence to expand their hearts, and fit them to become useful companions to each other—and this is the cause of their inconstancy; for when friendship is wanting, hypocrisy is ever ready to assume her garb and to supply her place, as long as interest or convenience affords sufficient inducement to practice the deceit; but when these inducements are withdrawn, they discard their former *nominal* friends for others, who more immediately coincide with their mercenary views. The unstable mind which is insensible of friendship, feel none of those refined enjoyments which raise man above the animal creation. We are by nature social beings, and when self-interest, or any other groveling passions, are suffered to extinguish this "Celestial spark of heavenly flame," one of the natural and primary distinctions between men and brutes is no more, and the dignity of human nature is lost. In short, virtue alone can prepare the heart for the sympathetic impressions of friendship, and friendship is the exalter and promoter of virtue; they go hand in hand through life, and can never exist distinct from each other. Where one is absent in the heart, we may justly conclude the semblance of the other alone remains; without virtue,

"What is Friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

PHILETUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

An Epistle from L——— to I——, on the death of Edmund Darch.

When from the sultry heat of noon,
I seek the forest's grateful shade;
Or by the mild beams of the moon,
I wander thro' the shadowy glade:

Reflection bids past scenes arise,
Bids Memory wield her magic wand;
Before my view thy image flies,
Endear'd by Friendship's sacred band.

When Silence holds her pensive reign!
When Eve usurps the dark'ning sky!
Sweet Meditation's thoughtful train,
Bids Care's corrosive phantoms fly.

The shadowy grove's increasing gloom,
With solemn thoughts inspires the mind;
And on our Common lot—the tomb,
Is sad reflection oft inclin'd.

Poor DARCH has left this lowly sphere!
Has sought the mansions of the bless'd!
Virtue shall shed the silent tear,
Where her lov'd champion's ashes rest.

O'er his lone grave shall Genius weep,
And Truth in weeds of woe repair;
There shall the Nine their vigils keep,
And mourning Science sorrow there.

May Spring's first blossoms deck his grave!
There may the blushing flowret bloom;
And ne'er may wintry tempests rave,
Around poor EDMUND's sylvan tomb.

In Friendship's sympathising breast,
Her faithful record Memory keeps;
And tho' she bows to Heaven's behest,
Still fond affection sorrowing weeps.

Short was the date by Heaven assign'd,
And thorns bestrew'd the path he trod;
But meek Religion cheer'd his mind,
Tho' chasten'd by Affliction's rod.

May we my friend, as we explore,
The devious rugged paths of life—
With humble confidence adore,
Nor mix in scenes of noise and strife.

When stern Misfortune's angry frown,
Blasts Expectation's flow'ry bloom;
From Hope's firm rock look calmly down,
Nor fear the terrors of the tomb.

Death brings no terrors to the soul,
Whom meek Religion's powers uphold;
Tho' round him waves tempestuous roll,
Mid ocean's roar serenely bold.

Such is Religion's conquering power,
Such is the comfort she bestows;
She yields in Danger's darkest hour,
To suffering Virtue, calm repose.

When perils haunt the dreary way,
She cheers and soothes the drooping heart;
Imparts her joy-inspiring ray,
And bids despair and doubt depart.

Tho' glooms enshroud the distant view,
And darkness hovers o'er the scene;
Tho' sick'ning Fancy's sombré hue,
Spreads horror o'er the dusky green:

Supported by the Heaven-born maid,
The mind disdains Misfortune's power;
And finds in her, unfailing aid,
A solace in the darkest hour.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Editors,

The design of those men who first set on foot the Royal Society, is said to have been that of drawing men's minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishing them with subjects of discourse which might be treated without warmth or passion. The attempt was not unsuccessful; as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The Air-Pump, the Barometer, the Quadrant, and the like inventions were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements. Among those whose influence is extensive in directing theactive mind of man to proper objects, is the Editor of a periodical paper. He may excite to action the latent powers of the mind, and give them a turn which may eventually be of great benefit to mankind. He may correct and improve the literary taste, create a relish for erudition, discountenance vice, and aid the cause of Virtue and Religion.—In short, he may be to men what a skilful physician is to an unhealthy individual—a means of making them better.

To shew whence arises the *proper honor of man* would be an undertaking by no means unworthy of him. We are told that courage and prowess, military renown, signal victories & conquest, may render the name of a man famous, but do they render his character truly honorable? No. "To many brave men, to many heroes renowned in story, we look up with wonder; their exploits are recorded. Their praises are sung. They stand as on an eminence above the rest of mankind. Their eminence, nevertheless, may not be of that sort, before which we bow with inward esteem and respect. Something more is wanted for that purpose than the conquering arm and intrepid mind. The laurels of the warrior must at all times be dyed in blood, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan."

To subdue the passion for war, and to repress the desire for military glory, to inspire a veneration for human life, and to promote peace on earth, and good will to men, ought to be considered as *duties* by every Editor of a periodical paper, and as objects not unworthy the notice of all those who wish well to the great family of mankind.

V.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

From the Balance.

AMERICAN CAPTIVES IN TRIPOLI.

Extracts from the journal of Dr. Cowdery, kept during his captivity in Tripoli.

[CONCLUDED.]

February 1.—George Griffiths, one of our crew, having informed the Bashaw that he could build an air furnace, and cast guns, shot, &c. was furnished with a mason and nine of our crew, and set to work, with a promise that he should have one hundred dollars for the first shot he should cast. After expending about five hundred dollars in the experiment, Griffiths this day attempted to blast in his furnace: but with all the wood and coal that the Bashaw could furnish, he could not melt the iron, and the furnace cracked in several places. It afterwards appeared that Griffiths had no intention to cast any shot.

February 5.—While a number of our men were at work at the north corner of the castle, a large body of the wall fell and killed Jacob Dowdesher. The only consolation we received from the Turks, was, that he was *ambo denic* and *sansafedah*—that is, *D—n his mother, he has got no faith. Roma Kelp—He is a Christian Dog.*

March 1.—An American frigate appeared off the harbour. The Turks were all at their quarters, and were manning their gun boats.

The Bashaw was preparing an armament to go against some of his refractory tribes, on the borders of Egypt.

March 4.—Hassan Bey, the Bashaw's chief mameluke, was appointed to command the expedition towards Egypt, on the borders of the dominions of Tripoli. Hassan and his officers were attended by the Bashaw and several stand of colours to a *Marabewt* about three miles from town, to receive absolution and assurances of victory in the intended expedition. A great part of our crew, and many Turks and Jews were employed in packing up ammunition, &c. for the camp.

March 5.—Two frigates and a brig, supposed to be Americans, appeared off the harbor. The people of Tripoli were preparing and moving their effects into the country, expecting a siege by the Americans soon.

March 10.—Swallows appeared. Apple, peach and plumb trees were in blossom; and peas in market.

March 17.—Walking by the house called the American house, I perceived it was full of Turks, and a strong guard was at the door. On enquiry, I found that they were the sons and nearest relations of the Bashaw's officers, who had gone in the expedition to the frontiers. The Bashaw kept these people as hostages for the fidelity of his officers, whom it appears, he was afraid to trust, least they might join in the rebellion, and come against Tripoli. It was said that his highness had received a letter, stating that the Americans were making great preparations to attack Tripoli. A tent was pitched on the battery of the castle, and orders given to keep watch all night, and every night afterwards. Orders were also given to make every preparation to repel the Americans.

March 18.—The Bashaw sent his son-in-law into the country for troops to protect Tripoli.

March 19.—It was reported and generally believed, that the Americans had been to Alexandria in Egypt, where they had got the Ex-Bashaw and four thousand Egyptians and carried them to Syracuse, where they were to be landed to act in concert with the Americans against Tripoli. I perceived many private councils and long faces amongst the Turks.

March 21.—A frigate and brig appeared off the harbor. The Bashaw told me that he suspected commodore Baron was dead, as he had not heard from him for a long time. Not long before, he had told me, that he had heard of the death of his brother, the Ex-Bashaw. He seemed highly pleased at such news.—Several of the sons and dearest friends of his chiefs in the country, were brought into the castle, as hostages for their fidelity to the present Bashaw. Symptoms of dissatisfaction appeared amongst the people.

March 29.—Two negroes were hung at the gate of the city for robbery.

The Bashaw's son-in-law who had been

sent into the country to collect troops to protect Tripoli, returned without having met with any success. The people refused to fight for the Bashaw, because he had made unusual demands for money, and had even stripped their wives of their jewels. For several days, it had been reported that ten thousand troops were to muster on the beach near the town; and that his highness was to make a speech to encourage them to fight for him against the Americans and his brother. I prepared myself to see these troops, but to my disappointment not one of them appeared.

April 7.—One of our cruizers appeared. A large gun-boat was launched, which was built by renegado West, who was one of our crew and turned Turk.

April 12.—The Bashaw received an unfavorable letter from his agent at Malta, concerning the armament of the Americans. The Spanish consul presented the Bashaw three hundred stand of arms, and a number of pistols, and, it is said, advised him to keep up the war and force the Americans to pay his demand. It was concluded that the Bashaw's women and children should stay at the castle during the summer. They said that if they must be taken, they would rather fall into the hands of the Americans than the Arabs.

April 13—16.—The Bashaw declared, that if the Americans drove him to extremes, or attacked his town, he would put every American prisoner to death.

April 19.—The Bashaw interrogated me concerning the force of my country. He asked me how many marines the U. States kept in pay. My answer, for good reasons, was, *Ten Thousand!* How many troops? he asked. *Eighty Thousand*, said I, are in readiness to march to defend the country, at any moment; and nearly one million of militia are also ready to fight for the liberty and rights of their countrymen! At this his highness assumed a very serious look, and I returned to my room.

April 27.—A very oppressive Syroc wind. Several companies of Arabs had arrived within a few days. About three hundred horse and seven hundred foot.

May 3.—The Bashaw and suit went early this morning to the great *Marabewt* [of whom some particulars have been before mentioned.] He was to continue with the Bashaw during his contention with the Americans. He now assured the Bashaw that two American frigates would be destroyed: and that the gunpowder of the whole squadron would be so damaged, that the Americans would not be able to fire a gun. He agreed to attend the Bashaw, to keep the balls and shells from hurting him. He receives large sums of money from the Bashaw.

May 14.—I received a note from capt. Bainbridge, stating the inconvenience which the officers laboured under by being in close confinement, and by breathing unwholesome air. I spoke to the Bashaw on the subject, and humbly solicited that our officers might be removed to the American house. The Bashaw replied, that the war between him and my country at first was about money; but now it was whether him or his brother should be the Bashaw; and that the Americans had bound themselves to his brother in such a manner, that it was not in their power to make peace with him; but that his brother and the Americans were determined to take Tripoli and take off his head. He swore by the prophet of Mecca, that if the Americans brought his brother against him, he would burn to death all the American prisoners except me, that my life should be spared, because I saved the life of his child, when very sick. He went off in a great passion, and mounted his horse. His mamelukes and guard, to the number of about forty, attended him; and they took a ride to his country palace. They returned about sun-set, and the minister of exterior relations and the Bashaw were in private conference.

May 19.—A spy employed by the Bashaw, arrived from Malta and Syracuse. He brought news that the American squadron sailed for Alexandria in Egypt about twenty days before—that it consisted of 4 frigates, 3 brigs, 3 schooners, 24 gun-boats, 6 bomb-ketches, and several transports—that they were to take on board the former or Ex-Bashaw, and to proceed along the coast of Tripoli, and take the principal towns: and then to attack and take the town of Tripoli, and put it in possession of the Ex-Bashaw. The Bashaw and his people seemed much agitated at this news.

May 21.—The Bashaw with his attendants rode into the country. According to custom he took with him on a mule, two boxes, said to contain twenty thousand sequins (forty thousand dollars.)—But I did not believe they contained that sum. They were light. I had lifted them both; and they were always carried to and from the mule by one slave.—Another mule was loaded with packages of the Bashaw's cloathing. The Bashaw always went thus provided, through fear that he might be served as he served his brother the Ex-Bashaw, who was denied a return to the castle when the present Bashaw usurped the throne. During the absence of the Bashaw, his eldest son, the Bey, had his amusement. He ordered two carpets spread on the south corner of the castle. On one of the carpets, the Bey and his attendants seated themselves, with a band of music, consisting of two men with tamborines, and one with a sort of drum. Murat, his uncle, and myself, were seated on the other carpet. Three large negroes were brought and ordered to perform before the Bey. The music then struck up and the three negroes commenced the negro dance, with many ridiculous airs, whirling round, shaking their heads, and roaring like mad bulls. This continued about half an hour, when they appeared to be raving mad. They ran about as if to tear in pieces every body they met. One of them made a leap at me, but was prevented from reaching me, by the Bey, Murat, and another Turk, who jumped between us. Two other Turks caught hold of the negro and held him, when I by the advice of the Bey went to the top of the north end of the castle, where I could see the sport in safety. During the frolic, I saw those negroes chase several Christians: and I was told that they often tear all their clothes off, and hurt them much by biting, &c.

May 22.—I was informed, that in a letter which the Bashaw received the evening before, it was stated that Hassan Bey and his army were taken in Derne, by the Americans and Sidi Hamet, the Ex-Bashaw. I was desired not to mention it, because it was a great secret, and the Bashaw did not wish to let his people know it. I was also informed, that the Bashaw called a council of his chiefs, and proposed to put all the American prisoners to death, but it was agreed to postpone this measure for that time.

May 23.—Twenty-five of our men were sent with a cart for timber into the country. The wind from the desart was very heavy and hot. The men almost perished in the sand, which flew and drifted like a snow storm in our country. They stopped through fatigue, and asked their driver, who was a Turk, for liberty to drink at a well which was near them. The Turk replied, that they were *Roma kelps*, (Christian dogs) and said they should have no water. He gave

them all a severe beating with a large club which he always carried with him to drive them with, and made them go on with the cart, which the poor fellows had to drag loaded with timber, through the burning sand. They returned towards night almost perished.

May 24.—At night the Bashaw dispatched a boat with powder, musket-balls and money, for his troops who were collecting to oppose the approach of his brother Hamet, the Ex-Bashaw. The eldest son of Hamet was confined in the castle by order of the present Bashaw. The Bashaw was so much agitated at the news of the approach of his brother, that he this day declared, that if it was in his power now to make peace and give up the American prisoners, he would gladly do it, without the consideration of money. His funds were so low, that his steward run in debt for the supply of the kitchen. He gave his mamelukes and domestics and myself, but one meal per day. The rich Turks in town took turns in supplying his few troops. He heartily repented for not accepting the terms of peace last offered by our country.

May 26.—Three frigates in sight.—At about 11 A. M. the smallest came near in, and hoisted the banners of peace. The Bashaw asked his head men of the town, who were with him in his gallery, whether it was best to hoist his white flag. All except one (the charge de affairs for Algiers) declared in favor of, and of making peace if possible. They expressed great contempt towards the Algerine consul for his advice, and said that whoever would advise the Bashaw not to hoist the white flag at such a critical moment, must be his foe, and not his friend. The Algerine soon disappeared and left the castle. The Spanish consul soon after came to the castle; and the Bashaw sent him in one of his handsomest boats, with *Shous Hammad* to the frigate. They returned at evening with the joyful news of a prospect of peace. There was a visible change from gloominess to joy in the countenances of all the Turks.

May 27.—Both Turks and Christians were all anxiously looking out for the frigates. It was said that Col. Lear had been permitted to come on shore this morning, and that the Spanish consul was preparing a dinner for the gentlemen who were expected to come with him. We were all agitated alternately by hope and despair. The terraces and every eminence in town, were covered with people of all classes and ages, who were looking for the wished for peace-maker. But not a frigate nor a sail hove in sight during the day.

May 28.—All looking out again for our squadron. A brig hove in sight in the morning, which we all at first thought was the flag ship. On discovering it was a brig, a gloominess again appeared on every countenance. The Turks began to think that the frigate had gone to fetch the whole fleet, which they had heard consisted of sixty sail of different sizes. They thought that the flag of Truce was only a plan of the Americans, to find out the force of Tripoli, &c. But at sun-set three frigates and a brig appeared, which revived our hopes. The Bashaw shewed the greatest anxiety for peace. He was sensible of the danger he was in from the lowness of his funds and the disaffection of his people.

May 29.—Three frigates and a brig bore down upon the town, and displayed the ensigns and signals of peace, which were immediately answered from the castle. The Spanish consul, *Fafah* the Jew, and several Turks went on board, and did not return till late at night, when it was reported that negociations for peace were going on rapidly.

May 31.—The Spanish consul and *Shous Hammad* went on board the commodore and returned at night. The Bashaw sent me to inform capt. Bainbridge, that peace was agreed on, which I did to the great joy of the officers.

June 1.—The truce continued. Capt. Bainbridge went on board the commodore and returned at night. Our men were still drove to hard labor, and our officers kept confined.

June 2.—I received a letter from captain Bainbridge, stating that the terms of peace were agreed on, and that we should soon go on board the squadron. I immediately read the letter to our crew, who were so overjoyed that many of them shed tears. They were still drove to hard work and many of them flogged.

June 3.—The articles of peace were signed, and salutes fired from the frigates and batteries.

June 6.—I bid the Bashaw a final adieu, at which he seemed much affected.

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FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The wood used in Tripoli, is brought in on Jack Asses; six of them carry about half a cord.

There are many remains of antiquity in Tripoli. There are nine pillars to the portico of the house in which the American officers lived. They are of marble, and have the appearance of great antiquity. There are many columns of Roman and Grecian architecture, wrought into the corners of some of the houses, without form or regularity. The streets of Tripoli are narrow and dirty, and the houses present a dead wall. Many of the houses are partly composed of broken marble, full of engravings and inscriptions, mostly defaced.

Marriages are proclaimed in Tripoli, by one or two old women, who run through the streets, making a most hideous yelling, and frequently clapping their hands to their mouths, similar to the American Indians in their *pow wows*.

The following principal articles of faith, constitute the religion of the Turks: That there is but one God, and that Mahomet is the Messenger of God. Their commandments are but five in number, viz:

1st. To pray five times a day.
2d. To fast in Lent, or *ramadam*.
3d. To give alms, and perform works of charity.
4th. To go on a pilgrimage to Mecca.
5th. To keep the body clean.

Four other points are deemed of importance, though not of absolute necessity to salvation, viz. To keep Friday as Sabbath; to be circumcised: to drink no wine; and to abstain from swine flesh, or things strangled. Many of the inhabitants of Tripoli strictly adhere to this religion.

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[We have now completed the publication of all the extracts we have made from Dr. Cowdery's journal. These have occupied a considerable portion of the paper for some weeks; but they have been of too interesting a nature to be tiresome. Dr. Cowdery has it in contemplation to publish a pamphlet or small volume, to be entitled "The American Captives in Tripoli, containing the particulars of the capture of the Philadelphia frigate—a general description of Tripoli, with the adjacent country, its curiosities, &c. and a sketch of the customs and manners of its inhabitants—to which will be added, the journal at full length, kept during his captivity, and an appendix, containing the treaties and general relations between the United States and the Barbary powers." Some

accurate views and drawings will be attached to the work.]

[*Editor of the Balance.*]

Story of St. John the Apostle, and a reprobate young Man.

St. John, the great apostle, and beloved disciple of Christ, coming to a place near the city Ephesus, during the course of his visitation of the Asiatic churches, espied a youth of a comely person and pregnant abilities; and taking hold of him, delivered him to the Ephesian bishop, with this charge; which he repeated several times; "I commend this youth to thee, to be looked to with all diligence and care; and that in the presence of Christ and his church." The bishop undertook the charge,—received the young man into his house, instructed him, and lastly baptized him. Having done thus much on behalf of him, he thought he might remit somewhat of the strictness of his care. The youth however made but an ill use of his liberty, and was allured into bad company; by the arts and snares of whom, he was seduced into ways of riot and wickedness; till despairing of all hopes of forgiveness and reconciliation with God, he gave a loose to all manner of exorbitancy; and agreeing with his confederates, they combined themselves into a society of highwaymen, and appointed him their captain; who quickly exceeded them all in fierceness and cruelty, in proportion as he excelled them in power and authority.

St. John, upon occasion, returned some time after to Ephesus, and having despatched his other particular business, required of the bishop, the pledge he had left in charge with him; who wondered at what he meant, "I mean the young man," said the Apostle. "It is the soul of my brother that I require." The bishop with a dejected look, and with tears in his eyes, answered, that he was dead; and having been demanded by what death he had died, answered, "alas! he is dead to God; for he is become a villain; and instead of the church, he is fled with his companions to the mountains, and is become a thief and robber." The Apostle rending his clothes, and bewailing that he had so illy betrothed his brother's soul, called immediately for a horse and guide, and hasted to the mountains; where having been taken by the centinels, he begged to be brought before their captain; who appeared in arms at some distance. But as soon as this last perceived that it was St. John, who was approaching towards him, he began to express shame; and finally to run as fast as he could. The Apostle, not regarding his own age and weakness, followed with all his might; and when finding himself unable to overtake him, sent these impassioned exclamations after him: "Why, O my son, dost thou fly from thy aged and unarmed father? Take pity upon me, and fear not. There is yet hope of salvation for thee. If need be, I will freely undergo death for thee, as our Lord did for us. I will lay down my life to ransom thine, only stay thy flight, and believe me; for I am sent by Christ to reclaim thee."—With that the youth stopped; and with a dejected lood, and throwing away his arms, he trembled and dissolved into tears; embracing the Apostle with all possible expressions of sorrow and lamentation, as if again baptized in his own tears. St. John assured him, that his pardon was obtained; and having fasted and prayed with him, and for him, he refreshed his shattered and disconsolate mind with all the arts of consolation, and finally brought him into, and restored him to the bosom of the church.

[*Cave's Primitive Christianity.*]

THE COUNTRY QUAKER.

First published at London in 1762.

Far from the bustling City's noise and pride,
  Within the bosom of a silent vale,
A village stands, fast by a stream's smooth glide,
  That pours its mazy lapse along the Dale.
There dwells a QUAKER, shunning mortal strife,
Who thinks a virt'ous Peace the dearest pledge of life.

From neither dress nor principles he swerves,
  But is thro' half a century the same;
When perfect manhood strung his vig'rous nerves,
  As now relaxing Age has bow'd his frame;
Simple alike his manners and his sense,
impress'd with ancient form and strong benevolence.

Strong for a pow'er intuitive he pleads,
  Some emanation of th' eternal Light,
An energetic Rule; beyond all Creeds,
  An home-felt Fount and Test of all that's right;
Not to one Sect injuriously confin'd,
But like the Orb of Day enlightens all mankind.

Hence friend to sacred Liberty maintains
  In private judgment a superior right,
Ev'n ROME's imperial Pontiffs oft arraigns,
  Nor deems prelatic Lawn unsported quite;
Conclaves and Councils! what are these, oppos'd
To Heav'n's clear Signature within the Soul disclos'd?

All war and rapine zealously he blames,
  And madding Kings in human gore imbu'd;
Yet, not displeas'd, hears GAUL's despotic aims
  In her sequacious Thousands are subdu'd;
Ev'n nature feels a fervor at the tale,
That GEORGE's free-born legions thro' the world prevail.

No gay Romance he reads, nor wicked Play,
  Nor can their page a sanctuary find,
But each polluting book is cast away,
  That wakes the unruly passions of the Mind;
While to the Bible he with fervor cleaves,
And to a puff'd up world each Heath'nish Author leaves.

With ev'ry Tax he cordially complies,
  Save Dues of Ministers by Men ordain'd,
ASHDOD nor ASHTAROTH more his soul denies,
  Than these from carnal Ordinances claim'd;
His neigh'bring Pastor, with unweary'd pains,
His error would display, yet still no progress gains.

Yet with consistent amity they live,
  For Charity prevents indecent strife;
Tho' retrograde their Faith, they both believe
  This the blest essence of a Christian life;
The Vicar yet suspects these scruples vain,
While him the Quaker deems of LEVI's tythe-taught train.

His preaching brother, trav'ling to and fro,
  Should he unbidden call to be his Guest,
His bosom wakes to Friendship's cordial glow,
  And while he blesses, finds himself more blest;
Grasping his hand, the pious kiss bestows,
While his expanded soul in kind endearment flows.

He then invites his neighbours to receive
  The simple boon his friend may soon dispense,
A vital warmth whose toning fervours leave,
  Unfelt by him from elevated sense;
And ever and anon his gen'rous mind
In aspiration breaks, and groans for human-kind.

If fierce disputes among his neighbours rise,
  Him Arbiter contesting parties choose;
With simple sense he Error's maze descries,
  Nor shuns to bring this talent into use;
Coolly impartial weighs each dubious side,
And wisely pleases both, ere he their claims decide.

He entreats his children round (a goodly train!)
  To shun the follies of a trifling age;
From each seducing Gewgaw to refrain,
  That the warp'd soul from Virtue's path engage;
Then turns his retrospect to better days,
Damsels of Yore plain clad, and youth deserving praise!

And oft reminds them of their ancestry,
  Superior to their Persecutors pow'r,
Who from coercive hands disdain'd to fly,
  Nor shunn'd the cruel jaw that would devour;
Then rais'd almost to wrath, condemns the crimes
Of CROMWELL's zeal-blind days, and CHARLES's giddy times.

Their zeal he tells, and how they fervent stood,
  And grew beneath th' Oppressor's galling Yoke,
Not fine, nor durance, banishment, nor blood,
  Their strong allegiance to their duty broke;
Then with a sigh recounts what change appears,
Since WILLIAM's lenient reign, thro' GEORGE's golden years.

That now, alas! a depravation spread,
  Alike deceptive of the young and old;
On Vanity's light wing the Youth are fled,
  And the deluded Elders grasp at gold;
But then with pleasure views that some remain,
That have not bow'd to BAAL, nor wore his servile chain.

Not always grave; he takes a heighten'd view
  Of Life when new, and its gay joys repeats,
What Time the bright-plum'd hours lightly flew,
  Fraught with young Pleasure, and untasted sweets;
His sons attend their circumstantial sire,
Glow at his youth's emprize, and feel his pristine fire.

What tho' his sinewy force is now decay'd,
Erst in the ring his vig'rous feats were seen,
Beneath his prowess fell that blustering blade,
And him the vaunting wrestler of the green;
With simp'ring glee recites those follies past,
Tho' deem'd vain-glorious sports and joys unfit to last.

On place nor person Saintship he'll bestow,
Nor tread with rev'rence consecrated ground;
Nay to the hallow'd Fane he'd cover'd go,
Nor kindle at the Anthem's sacred sound;
Except his own, does with no Forms comply,
Unfeeling of the sneer for starch formality.

The Days and Months he calls by Scripture lore,
True to the path primæval Patriarchs trod,
CHRISTIANS, he says, no heav'nly Orbs adore,
No ROMAN chieftain, nor no GOTHIC god;
Then why should he pursue the PAGAN road,
Adopt th' unhallow'd sound, and long-exploded god?

At large Assemblies where his Friends resort,
He in the foremost ranks is active found,
Zealous fraternal Order to support,
And that the ancient Tenets loose no ground;
But chiefly that which strikes at priestly claims,
He here to Valour calls, and every tardy brother blames.

Fervent for Immortality he glows,
Unknowing of the Sceptic's wav'ring lore;
Resign'd to Life, but hopes the final close,
When Grief, and Strife, and Pain, shall be no more;
Yet not to dumb Oblivion quite resign'd,
Anticipates a Name, when he's to Dust consign'd.

From the Evening Post.

Sir,—The following *true story* having been inaccurately told in the Daily Advertiser of yesterday, you are requested to insert it as corrected.

A poor woman, who during the late epidemic, supported herself and family by selling hot coffee, at the New Market, had her coffee-kettle one morning overturned and all her coffee spilt by the carelesness of a sailor boy, who was passing by. While she was lamenting the loss, and its consequences to her poor family, whoow ed their sustenance altogether to the pro ceeds daily received from the saleof her coffee, the captain of the boy happened to come along. She called to him, and requested some little compensation for the injury done her by his boy, which the captain seemed rather to decline, not yet having understood the case in all its circumstances. A person standing at a small distance observed to the captain, that he thought he ought to pay the woman for her coffee, that she was poor, and upon it depended the support of herself and family. The captain viewing the stranger as a person interfering in affairs that did not concern him, asked him in a tone somewhat elevated, how much *he* would give towards the support of the poor woman? He answered, "as much as you will, Sir." "Here is ten dollars then," says captain S.—"Here is as much," replied the stranger. "Here is ten more," says the captain.—"Here is as much," answered the stranger. Captain S. then paid her one dollar in the first place for her coffee, which was a little more than her charge, and having thrown some thing in her lap, departed.

But guess at the poor woman's astonishment, to find *forty-one dollars* in her lap! At first she was rather doubtful of the reality of what she saw, but with some considerable persuasion she put up the money, wiped away her tears, took up her kettle, and went home with a lighter step than she had ever trod before.

PHILANTHROPOS.

Extract from "American Letters."

In the year 1017, there had been an Assembly of these pious Christians, at Orleans, the leading Members of which were twelve Canons of the Cathrdral.—They placed the sum of religion in the internal contemplation of God, and the elevation of the Soul to celestial objects; rejecting all external rites, and ceremonies, and laying aside, even the sacraments of the Church, as destitute of any spiritual efficacy. Their public profession of such unpopular doctrines was expiated in the flames of persecution; and another Congregation of devout Men at Arras, whose principles struck still more deeply at the root of the corrupt tree which then overshadowed the Christian World, was induced by the fear of punishment to abjure the truths which they had ventured to inculcate.

It is not for us lukewarm Professors, basking in the sunshine of the Gospel to condemn those who fought, or those who fell, in the glimmerings of a doubtful twilight. Like the Pioneers of a well-appointed Army, they cleared the way for that Host of Martyrs, which should afterward enter into *the strife against Spiritual Wickedness in high places*, and be made *more than Conquerors under the Captain of their Salvation.*

The Sons of the Morning, the Harbingers of approaching day, after the night of Apostacy, foreseen by the Apostle, *in which the Man of Sin should be revealed*,* like the Professors of Divine Truth, in every Age *(of whom the World is not worthy) underwent cruel mockings, and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep-skins, and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented, in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth.*†

They trod to glory *the path which no Fowl knoweth, and which the Vulture's eye hath not seen, which the Lion's Whelps have not trodden, neither hath the fierce Lion passed by it.*‡

Whilst Poets and Historians have strewed the graves of Heroes, and Philosophers, with the unfading flowers of eloquence, and song, the Dust of the Confessors of Jesus, has been scattered to the winds of heaven, without other memorial than the narrative of their sufferings, preserved in homely phrase, by their zealous Contemporaries, to be *ungratefully* begotten by Us who reap in peace the harvest of their blood. *The tongue of the Learned, and the pen of the Ready Writer*, have been employed, if employed at all, in telling the sad story of the Martyrs of Truth, to cast a shade of doubt, or disparagement, over the heroic constancy of *Those that loved not their lives unto death, that they might preserve a conscience void of offence toward God.*‖ It matters not.—*Their names are written in the book of life.*—The palm of martyrdom, is a plant that blooms for ever, in the Paradise of God. What though they lived unknown, and died in ignominy: when *the Heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat*, then will their relenting Persecutors confess "We fools counted their life madness and their latter end to be without honour; but now how are they counted among the Just, and their portion is with the Saints."¶

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Naples, August 13.

Yesterday (says a letter) at ten o'clock at night, the eruption of Vesuvius, of which the earthquake seemed to be the

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* 2 Thess. ii. 3.

* Heb. XI. 36, 7 and 8. † Job xxviii. 7.

‡ See the III. VI. and VII. Chapters of the Philosophic Hume in his History of the House of Tudor, and more particularly the XV. and XVI. Chapters of the eloquent and sceptical Gibbon. The two Historians may be pardoned for their unbelief, but I hold them inexcusable for so lightly estimating those practical Reformers, without whose courageous intervention they might have been occupied in prostrating themselves before the girdle of the Virgin, or the Rood of Grace, instead of describing at their ease the sufferings that procured their emancipation from spiritual bondage.

‖ Book of Wisdom V. 4.

forerunner, took place. We were going to visit the Crater, when the cries of the people, and a volume of flame informed us that the volcano had opened. The lava precipitated itself in three seconds from the peak of the Mountain, and took a direction towards the valley situated between Torre del Greco and Torrel del l'Annunziara, two towns on the sea coast beyond Portici, and seven or eight miles from Naples.

"We set off immediately to see this wonderful and tremendous phenomenon nearer. From the place of our departure, we saw the whole course of the lava, which extended already two miles from the Crater to the houses that join the two towns. The sight was the most magnificently frightful that could be seen. I contemplated the cascades of flame pouring from the top of the mountain, and shuddering at seeing an immense torrent of fire ravage the finest fields, overthrow houses and destroy, in a few minutes, the hopes and resources of a hundred families.

"A line of fire marked the profile of the mountain; a cloud of smoke, which seemed to send forth from time to time flashes of lightning, hung over the scene, and the moon appeared to be pale. Nothing can adequately describe the grandeur of the scene, or give an accurate idea of the horror of it. As we approached the spot ravaged by this river of fire, ruined inhabitants having quitted their houses—desolated families trying to save their furniture or provisions, last and feeble resource—an immense croud of curious persons, retreating step by step from the advancing lava, and testifying, by extraordinary cries, their wonder, fear, and pity—the frightful bellowing of the mountain, the frequent explosions which burst from the bosom of the torrent, the crackling of the trees devoured by the flames, the noise of the walls falling, and the lugubrious sound of a bell which the religious of the Camaldules, isolated on a little hill, and surrounded by two torrents of fire, rang in their distress;—such are the details of the frightful scene to which I was a witness.

"The moment we arrived, the lava was crossing the great road below Torre del Greco. To see it better we got into a beautiful house on the road side—from the terrace we saw the fire at no more than fifteen paces from us—in a minute we descended, and twenty minutes afterwards there remained of the house but three large walls. I approached as near as the heat and flow of the current would permit me. I attempted at different times to burn the end of my handkerchief in it—I could only do it by tying it to my cane. The lava does not run in liquid waves: it resembles an immense quantity of coals on fire, which an invincible strength had heaped up and pushed on with violence. When it met with a wall it collected to the height of seven or ten feet, burns it, and overthrows it at once. I saw some walls get red hot like iron, and melt, if I may use the expression, into the lava. In its greatest speed and on a horizontal road, I reckoned that the torrent travelled at the rate of eighteen inches a minute. Its smell resembled that of iron red hot."

COW POCK.

The following curious fact affords a striking and decisive proof of the permanency of the anti-variolous power of vaccination, and also most satisfactorily shews that it does not, as confidently asserted, tend in the least to hurt the constitution. The conductors of the original cow-pock institution, in London, hearing that a respectable farmer, whose name was Testy, of the Isle of Purbeck, had inoculated his family for the cow-pock upwards of thirty years ago, and that he was conversant with the disease; invited him to visit the institution. He accordingly came up to town, and brought with him one of his sons, whom he had inoculated in the year 1774. He had also inoculated his wife and another son, who were all living, and have enjoyed uninterrupted health ever since that period. The famer himself, who is now 70 years of age, had taken the cow-pock 50 years ago, and neither himself nor his wife have been since affected by the small-pox, though often exposed to it. And the two sons have been inoculated for it, but without effect. To give further satisfaction, Mr. Testy, junior, publicly submitted another inoculation for the cow-pock, after so long a period from his former vaccination. To commemorate the author of these extraordinary cases, the gentlemen of the Institution have, we understand, had a portrait painted of this respectable old man, who is so anxious to prove the efficacy of a system which is one of the most important discoveries ever made for the benefit of mankind. He certainly affords a most convincing proof of its efficacy.

[*Lon. Pap.*]

CAMERA OBSCURA.

Great improvements have been made in Europe in the *Camera Obscura*. By means of an inclined mirror, bodies are magnified to such a degree, that a miniature picture acquires the dimensions of the human figure. Another contrivance places objects which appear reversed, in their natural position. In short, a solar microscope adapted to the upper part of the *Camera* renders it capable of being employed in the open air.

M. Pacchini, of Pisa, has discovered that the radical of muriatic acid is hydrogen. By taking from water, by means of the Galvinic pile, a portion of its oxygen, he asserts that the water was converted into oxymuriatic acid, and that consequently muriatic acid is hydrogen, at its minimum of oxydation; the oxymuratic acid, hydrogen in the middle state, and water hydrogen at its maxymum of oxydation. A more full account of this subject is shortly promised by the English editor.

[*M. Chron.*]

POTATOES.

The prodigious fortunes that have been made by the growth of potatoes in the vicinity of London has more extensively contributed to the abundant cultivation of this root than all the declamations of Agricultural Associates. Perhaps the following method of producing two crops in the same year may add to the temptations to propagate this useful vegetable. Six weeks before the muturity of the most forward of his potatoes, a farmer planted in his garden sets at the distance of an inch. By the time the former were carried off the ground, the latter had attained the height of five or six inches, and were immediately transplanted to the field from whence the others had been removed. On the 2d of November the last crop was taken up, and, with its produce, amply rewarded the Experimentalist for the skill and industry he had applied. The quantity is stated to be 34 sacks, each weighing 240lbs. per acre. The red kidneys are recommended as most suited to the second crop.

Oil of Olives, commonly called Sweet Oil.

This salutary medicine no family ought ever to be without. While perfectly harmless, it is extremely powerful in its

effects. In burns or scalds, it is unequalled. Bathing the wounds often with it, and binding on a rag moistened with it, will very soon and certainly effect a cure. There are few if any more potent antidotes to poison. In cases of bites by snakes or mad dogs, bathing the wounds continually with it, and taking some occasionally internally, has never been known to fail to cure the person so bitten.

[*Troy Gaz.*]

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

A due sense of the grandeur of man's nature and destination, is a good bulwark against the frequent and violent assaults of temptation.

The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—On the 5th inst. capt Chew fell in with a British fleet of 14 sail of the line, under Admiral Collingwood—was brought too and boarded by the Martin sloop of war; the lieutenant of which informed, that Lord Nelson and only two captains were killed—that they had 13 ships disabled, which, with 4 of the prizes, had arrived safe at Gibraltar: That the rest of the prizes were either destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of their former possessors, lost on shore, or drifted into Cadiz bay: That most of the latter class had been destroyed by the boats from the fleet. The Santissima Trinidad was destroyed when in sight of Cadiz, after it was found impracticable to bring her off: That Admiral Villeneuve was on board Admiral Collingwood's ship, the Dreadnought.

"The same day left the fleet, in company with the Victory, (Lord Nelson's ship) and Bellisle, (both under jury-masts,) bound to England.

He could not tell the number of killed and wounded, as the returns were not yet completed. The general opinion at Gibraltar, however was, 10,000 men must have lost their lives in the action.

The blockade of Cadiz was continued by Admiral Collingwood.

Extract of a letter from the Charge des Affairs of the United States at Algiers, to the consul of the United States at Alicant, Dated Algiers, Sept 4, 180

"On the 30th ult. the soldiers rose in a body and murdered the Dey (Mustapha Bashaw) and his prime minister. Hamet, late a secretary to his predecessor, was unanimously conducted to the palace, and proclaimed Dey of Algiers. Not a life was lost except the two first mentioned; no sort of confusion ensued. I have renewed our Treaty with the present Dey and Divan, according to custom.

"All is tranquil now, and the Moors at the time I last wrote (in a state of insurrection) have laid down their arms since the accession of the present Dey to the sovereignty. He is said to be a good man—I knew him well previous to coming into power, as I did his officers, who are all new."

Another letter from Gibraltar mentions, that since the assassination of the late Dey of Algiers, six new Deys have successively lost their heads, and also many of the richest Jews in the place, with their families. The place exhibits a scene of horror, which has scarce a parallel in history.

A letter from Liverpool, of the 9th ult. received in New York by the ship Neptune, gives, as a report, that the number of troops embarked on board of the ships about sailing on a secret expedition, was to be augmented to 60,000.

Captain Bell, of the ship Concordia, who left Petersburgh on the 23d ult. informs, that on the 20th the Emperor Alexander left Petersburgh for Germany at the head of 300,000 men; that the war was very popular; that soldiers exempted from service by law were petitioning to be admitted.

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DOMESTIC.—The following is an extract of a letter from Columbia.

"The House of Representatives of South Carolina, have agreed to prohibit the importation of Negroes, and I have no doubt but that the Senate will do so likewise; provided the importation of them from other states be permitted; but I fear on that subject we shall divide, of course the bill will be lost."

Congress.—The bill to prohibit the importation of slaves into any port or place within the jurisdiction of the U. States from and after the first day of January 1808, was read the second time.

A motion was made to make it the order of the day for the first Monday in February, and lost; when it was ordered that its further consideration be postponed to the first Monday in December, which is equivalent to a rejection of the bill.

On this question the Senate were equally divided, 14 members for, and 14 members against the motion, and the Vice-President gave the casting vote.

We understand that in the course of the discussion, it was allowed on all hands that as soon as the time arrived when congress shall possess the constitutional power of prohibiting the importation of slaves, it would be proper for them to exercise it. The opponents of the bill took two grounds, the one consisting in the inexpediency of legislating on the subject before the year 1808, and the other in the alledged unconstitutionality of legislating until that period.

The Chairman of the Committee appointed on those parts of the President's message which relate to the better fortification of our ports, the building of more gun-boats, and to the timber for the 74's, reported; that it was expedient,

1st. For the better security of our ports and harbors, to expend a sum not exceeding 150,000 dollars.

2d. The sum of 250 000 dollars for the building of gun-boats; and

3d. The sum of 660,000 dollars for the building of *Six Line of Battle Ships*.

The report was referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

The Governor of Georgia has communicated to both branches of the Legislature of that state, a circular letter from the Secretary at War, signifying that an immediate draft of the militia of that state may be called for the general government. This, it was supposed, would occupy their immediate attention.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, for the week ending the 21st inst. Adults 13—Children 13—Total 26.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IOTA's adventure to the letter-box, spoken of in our last No. by EMENTUS was brought to *tryal* some weeks ago, and evidence appearing against its *originality*, was sentenced to imprisonment in the pigeon-hole of *selections*.

A. B.'s "Soliloquy in an Evening ride" *on Pegasus* must be postponed until he shall have revised and corrected it—he appears to have had a rough hackney—his soliloquy is a jumble.

SIMON OLIVEBRANCH came to hand too late for the present No.—deferred till the next.

C.'s "Lines" possess poetic merit, and but for some exceptionable stanzas would gain admission into our next No. We hope its author will make some alteration.

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